THE LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

OCTOBER, 1812.

MEMOIR OF MAGDALEN DE PASSE.

THE painter gives sensible existence and permanent effect to the fairy visions of poetic fancy, recalls and represents to the delighted eye the past scenes of historical events; preserves, to cherish fond remembrance, the endeared features of the departed and lamented friend; or gives to our admiring sight all the variety of objects that exists in countries that we never expect to visit, and in situations beyond our reach: thus realizing the imaginary, recalling the past, and rendering the object present by a kind of magic, whereby colours, light, and shade, delude the eye, and setting the sight and touch at variance, give apparent projection, substance, and embodied form, to the level surface of the smooth pannel, or the plain superficies of the extended canvas; but, alas! every tint is transient and evanescent, the very light that gives brightness to the colours preys upon their beauty, by degrees this light grows dull and dim, the shadows black and heavy, till darkness and obscurity envelope the undistinguished mass, and the destructive hand of time sweeps every form away. What

are Zeuxis and Apelles now? Empty names, borne on the feeble breath of tradition; such Raphael and Michael Angelo, Reubens, and Rembrant, Hogarth, Reynolds, or even her sex's pride, Angelica Kauffman, would soon become, were they not rescued from oblivion by the art of engraving: this it is that extends the latitude and longitude of the painter's otherwise contracted fame. It is by this art that the lover spreads and multiplies the idea of his mistress's charms; the parent conveys his revered form to his children, and the esteemed friend distributes those semblances of himself to those around which, but for this art, could, by single possession, add to the continued satisfaction of one only.

To females the art of engraving may contribute to their felicity, either as a pecuniary resource, or as a mere amusement only; how far they are equal to man in attaining perfection in this art may be seen by the works of many women of our own country, who have resorted to it for amusement; and that others have gained professional celebrity, the names of a Bourlier and a Caroline Watson afford ample proof.

It is not here the place to enter into the different merits of the different styles of engraving; it matters not what medium be employed to gain perfection, if it be attained with the same facility, whether by the line, the dot, or the union of both. It has been said, that the delicacy which prevents females from studying from living figures as painters is an insuperable bar to their attaining anatomical accuracy; this will not apply to engraving; they can imitate where the public gaze will not be seen to harshly condemn them; and another profession may be gained to women whose means of existence are so inferior and so circumscribed to those of the *lords of the creation.*

Magdalen de Passe flourished in 1620, and was the daughter of Crispin de Passe, the elder, an engraver, a man of letters, of a studious and liberal mind; in his preface to a drawing-book, published by him in 1643, he

shews some knowledge of perspective and geometry. From him she learnt the art of engraving, which she practised with much success, though her works are not equal to those of her brother. She worked with the graver only, in a neat but laboured style. In two or three small subjects, says Pilkington, which she has engraved from Elsheimer, she has endeavoured to imitate the style of Count Gradt, but she has not produced the same neatness of colour and forcible effect; they, however, possess great merit. I shall specify, continues he, the following engravings by this lady, which I believe constitute the principal part of her works:—Catherine, Dutchess of Buckingham, with a feather in her hand, a small 4to. print; which, it appears, when Lord Oxford wrote his anecdotes of painting, was scarce; it is so no longer. The four seasons are small upright plates, from designs by her father, Cephalus, and Procris, Salmacis, and Hermaphroditus, dated 1623; and Latona changing the Lycian peasants into frogs, with some other subjects from Ovid, a small plate lengthways from Elsheimer, Pinas, and other masters. A set of landscapes, middling sized plates lengthways, from Rowland Savery and A. Willeres; among which is a storm, with a shipwreck.

These are the only particulars handed down to us by tradition of so celebrated a woman. Our portrait of Magdalen de Passe is taken from a very rare and scarce drawing; engraved heads of this artist are so scarce that ten years ago one sold at an auction for the sum of twenty pounds.

As a further proof that female powers in the branch of the art of engraving are not inferior to those of our sex, we have had the portrait which embellishes our work executed by the hand of Miss Hopwood, and she has produced a specimen of her abilities perfectly satisfactory to us, and highly creditable to her rising talents.

C.

AN ALLEGORICAL FRAGMENT
OF
THE PURPLE FLOWER & LEAFLESS BRIAR.

AN ORIGINAL SKETCH.

REASON and Imagination were distinct sovereigns of the empire of Umania. Within the territory of Imagination, in the romantic vale which surrounds the base of Mount Parnassus, lived the young Poesis, handsome, generous, and accomplished; but enthusiastic, indiscreet, and vain. He was the most devoted to his sovereign of all her subjects; his whole life was dedicated to her glory, and the blessings of her reign were the constant theme of his attractive lyre. She, in turn, rewarded him with every distinguished mark of her peculiar approbation and favour. She even conceded to him her permission to address a nymph, who was highly celebrated throughout her extensive and luxuriant dominions for her extraordinary perfections, but who dwelt on the confines of that part of Umenia which was subject to the Goddess Reason. Her name was Euterpe. She was descended from parents of either country, and united in her person the prevailing characteristics which distinguished the subjects of each. Her father was Genius, a personage of exalted rank and splendid reputation in the region of Reason; but he had chosen to reside in the dominions of Imagination, and for the pleasures of that enchanting country, had sacrificed his birthright in his own.

From an habitual disregard of all substantial good, and an infatuating desire to succeed only by the most extraordinary and most hazardous enterprizes, arising from a delusive consciousness of superior talents, he had expa-

triated himself from his native country, and abandoned all national advantages, to become an adventurer in the service of Imagination.

The tenor of life, in the dominions of Reason, was uniform and tranquil; it was a valley where Nature had been more frugal than profuse, whose produce was rather sufficient than abundant, where there were no wants and no superfluities.

In the realms of Imagination, on the contrary, all was variable and fluctuating, every thing was in the extreme; the soil was either miserably sterile, or luxuriously fertile; here the roaring cataract dashed down tremendous precipices; there the winding river glided through Elysian verdure; sudden and abrupt was the transition from dreadful to delightful,—from the sweet to the sublime. Such was the clime that Genius loved.

Here it was his fate to become enamoured of a female of most extraordinary beauty and captivating conversation, who not only shone a conspicuous constellation in the court of the fairy Imagination, but reflected, from her grace and charms, a brilliant lustre on all its attendants, which blazoned its fame to the verge of the universe. Her name was Fiction; she found an inestimable friend and associate in Taste, the sister of Genius, who was the means of promoting that union which eventually took place between them. To her instruction, discipline, and counsel, she was indebted for that bewitching fascination which hung upon her accents, and that admiration and homage which she every where received; but, when unconstrained by the presence of Taste, Fiction was frequently liable to be hurried into those excesses which too often tarnish their actions whose very foibles are greeted with universal adulation; but, whenever they appeared together, their united society adorned and embellished whatever they approached; they dressed the simplest objects in the most attractive garb; they painted what they would represent with exquisite pencil, and

whatever they displayed to admiration was so delicately disposed, that the same rays of light which fell on the beauties obscured to the dazzled vision the defects of the tablet. It was their enviable art to suppress all that could offend, and to illustrate all that could please.

Introduced by such a sister, the romantic heart of inexperienced Genius, glowing with a rapturous susceptibility of the charms of the interesting and beautiful, could not be insensible to the influence of such a mistress.—Genius sued not in vain, and Euterpe was the offspring of their hymeneals.

Fiction was possessed of the most extensive demesne in the region of Imagination; but the productions of the soil were of most singular quality. Every earthly gift of bounteous nature flourished there spontaneously in luxuriant profusion, without the aid of human culture. The verdant herbage of the new shorn meadows was richly variegated by the cerulean expanse of the tranquil lake, and the golden surface of the ripening harvest. The thick groves were shaded with the darkest foliage, mitigating to the sheltered meads the fervor of the noontide sun. The gardens were enriched with the most delicious fruits, and embellished with the most brilliant flowers, breathing a grateful fragrance, which perfumed the tepid air with its agreeable odour. Here flowed the broad river, fertilizing the vale, and there murmured the light streamlet its sweetly babling welcome to the thirsty swain; while all around, to animate this happy scene, various herds, and flocks of every species of cattle, in unmolested security, wandered, or ruminated, sported, or reposed.

Though nothing could exceed the beauties of this delightful spot, yet, strange fatality! in the midst of this apparent plenty, all, alas! was barren, all was sterile; in this terrestrial heaven, mortal could not live; in this blooming paradise was no food for man;—the sight, the scent, the ear, conspired in cruel mockery to delude the

taste and touch; the fruits were without flavour; the cattle yielded no meat, and the corn no bread; every wish was excited, and every want endured; the scene promised happiness, but inflicted disappointment.

Such was the mistress whom Genius won, and such the dowry which she brought him with her hand; yet Genius was enamoured of his bride, and more than satisfied with the unreal shadow of her visionary wealth; well pleased was he to wander through this fairy domain, losing all consciousness of mortality amid scenes so celestial, preferring the illusive visions of the surrounding Eden, to all the real blessings within the precincts of Reason. Thus selfishly negligent, and criminally generous, he lived at once admired and despised; all spoke of him with applause, and viewed him with contempt,—his intellect excited envy, his conduct scorn. Still would he seek retirement from the world in the fields of his beloved Fiction, and bury in the seductive shades of an indulgent oblivion, the remembrance of contumely, or shelter himself amid ideal bowers from the severities of real care. At times suddenly roused from dreams of fancied bliss by the approaching step and encreasing clamour of want, he would enlighten and instruct the world by the very visions of his repose, and amaze even the subjects of Reason by the construction of beautiful systems of morality built on the fables of the minstrels of Imagination. His anxious parents sighed in sorrow for his infatuation, though they smiled in conscious joy at the prospect of his future fame.

Fiction meanwhile was cherished by these fitful labours of Genius, and afforded him in turn a solace in his exile.

Euterpe, their orphan offspring, was to Poesis the sovereign of his heart and the idol of his soul; like her mother, she was the object of universal admiration, yet, like her father, she was shunned by all who affected to be considered prudent or discreet, for she was without other portion than what she had received from Nature; her riches were of the mind, and her endowments wholly intellectual.

Imagination, with a blind partiality for her favourite, encouraged his dangerous suit; but the timid Euterpe, struck with the coincidence so visible in the attachment of her parents with their own, warned him often of her father's fate; and Reason, more severe, was decidedly hostile to their inauspicious union.

What is to be done? while Reason is on her guard, she cannot be circumvented. Youth is ever sanguine and enterprizing; but when the heart is excited by the impulses of Love, its ardour is then ungovernable, and no obstacle can check its career in pursuit of the object of its headstrong desire. Poesis is skilled in botany; he is acquainted with some of the latent properties of plants and flowers; he has devised a stratagem which Imagination approves, and thus he executes his design.—The goddess is invited to the palace of the fairy;—Reason is without art, and therefore void of suspicion; she is conducted through the enchanted gardens, and pressingly urged to make choice of whatever seems to engage her notice. Among all the delicacies of this luxurious place, one little annual alone attracted the attention of the deity; it bore a purple flower of curious beauty, whose sensitive qualities excited the admiration of Reason, and Imagination was profuse in her encomiums on its grace and fragrancy. To the nymph Beauty, its care and culture was committed, who anxiously devoted her whole time and attention to train and protect it; she moistened it with her tears, cheered it with her smiles, and fanned it with her sighs, as if jealous of the dew-drop, the sun-beam, and the zephyr. If at any time she would betray a momentary anger at the perverse curling of a tendril, or the irregular expansion of a blossom, the poor little sensitive flower would fade beneath her frown, and droop to the earth, till raised by her hands, and restored by her caresses; it would endure no exposure, but shrunk from all approach, and flourished most luxuriantly in the shade; it bloomed, therefore, most beautifully amid the bowers of Innocence, or beneath the evergreens of Constancy.

Poesis perceived that the goddess was charmed with the lovely hue and graceful inclination of the favourite of the gardens, and plucking one of the most beautiful presented it to the divinity; who, ignorant of its effects, unhesitatingly fixed it in her zone; the sweet odour which arose from the flower stole on the senses of unsuspecting Reason, and obliged her to retire to a pavilion; where, oppressed by an involuntary somnolency, she sunk into an unusual slumber.

Poesis was ravished with the success of his device;—"Reason sleeps!" he exclaimed in a transport of joy, "and who shall now resist the decree of Imagination?" His gracious sovereign smiled on his bliss, and her realms now rung with the celebration of the nuptials of Poesis and Euterpe; his lyre proclaimed them the happiest of created beings.

Soon the goddess awoke from her trance; but Reason knows not anger, nor ever harbours a sentiment of revenge: she issued a mild mandate to the furtive pair, couched in terms of friendly admonition, exhorting them to descend from the summit of Happiness, a picturesque hill in the region of Imagination, where they had fixed their abode, into the vale of Contentment, in the realms of Reason; for Fate had decreed that they must henceforth consider themselves imprisoned captives in that happy valley. But in vain does Reason urge; her voice is lost and disregarded in the bowers of Pleasure, where the sweet lyre of Poesis thrilled responsive to the fair lip of Euterpe, harmonizing their much-loved themes,—the blissful reign of Imagination, and the delightful influence of reciprocal Love. But these voluptuous tumults must, alas! soon subside; for Joy and Grief become alike the victims of their own violence. Reason will claim her sacrifice, and the fairy Imagination must bend to her will.

Poesis and Euterpe had erected, with their own hands, an altar to Imagination, and had imposed on themselves the daily duty of replenishing a vase which stood in the

centre with the purple flowers that had conduced to their bliss. At the foot of this vase Poesis always disposed his beloved lyre. After some time, they observed, with uneasiness and grief, that withered briars were continually intermingling with the flowers in the vase, and the lyre would frequently emit spontaneously a plaintive sound which pierced their bosoms with strange pain, and caused sensations that affected their happiness, and even disturbed their peace. At length the chords of the lyre burst as it lay on the altar, and the purple flowers withered in the vase, leaving nothing but the thorn that had caused them so much consternation. The influence of the briar became daily more malignant, and they found that even the ascent of the hill had begun to prove a toil which was no longer, as formerly, sweetly compensated by the joy which awaited them on the summit. The briar operated like a destructive spell, and shed its baneful poison on all that surrounded it. Want, like a mildewed ear, had already begun to blight the plenty which so lately flourished on that happy spot, and Distress was rapidly encroaching on the abode of Bliss.—Joy followed Joy in melancholy succession; and Poesis and Euterpe now beheld with despondency the evils which threatened them.

Continually goaded by the influence of the briar, they turn their eyes at length towards the vale of Contentment; and thither, like our first parents quitting Eden, they direct their steps; Euterpe bears the burthen of the consecrated vase, and Poesis sorrowfully takes charge of his mutilated lyre; a decrepid old man conducts them on their way.

No sooner have they passed the boundary of Imagination, and entered the precincts of Reason, than, miraculous sight! the briar buds, and the thorns are covered and concealed beneath a vivid foliage of fragrant leaves! the pangs of Remorse are mitigated to sensations of Resignation.

Now they enter the valley. The briar blossoms, and Resignation rises into a pleasurable feeling of silent satis-

faction and placid content. Mutually embracing, they welcome each other with endearing converse to the vale of Contentment, in the region of Reason; a region where, though Joy is less ardent, Pleasure is more constant; where, though the sun of Bliss shine with rays more temperate, yet the gloom of Sorrow never intercepts the beam, and the happiness of the day is never disturbed by anxiety for the morrow.

Their decrepid guide suddenly assumes the port and stature of a deity, and in a mild, but majestic accent, thus addresses the regenerated pair:—"I have conducted you from the snares of Fancy, the procuress of Passion, and the Traitor to youth, into the sober security of the guardianship of Reason.—Hear, my children, the solution of that practical lesson which you have experienced in your pilgrimage.—You, my son, smitten with the love of verse, had become enamoured of the muse, whom you have not wooed in vain; many are successful, like yourself, but few like you listen to the voice of Reason inculcating the lesson of Prudence. The little purple flower, whose influence so often lulls the vigilance of the vestals, whose duty it is to keep alive the light of Reason in the human breast, is the ardent Passion of youthful love;—the influence of the thorn is the presence of the demon Necessity, and the leafless briar is that source of connubial care which tames the rapturous and transient transports of amorous Imagination to the milder and more durable enjoyment of domestic happiness. ********

THE LATE HORNE TOOKE.

At the very time Horne Tooke was giving the most marked encouragement to the Rights of Man, he spoke of the author in these emphatical terms:—"Paine's intentions I believe to be honest, but he is ignorant of almost every thing, and he hates every thing of which he is ignorant."

OLIO.

NO. VII.

"A thing of shreds and patches."

A FRESH egg is a very good thing, says Burns, but, when thrown at a man in the pillory, it does not at all improve his appearance.

I would not, continues the same author, quarrel with a man for his irreligion any more than I would for his want of a musical ear!

At a fashionable rout in Dublin, says Miss Edgeworth, the crowd was so great, that a certain countess exclaimed to a gentleman near her,—"Sir, you have got your finger in my ear;" he answered,—"Madam, I beg your pardon, but I can't take it out, until I get elbow-room."

A lady assured a gentleman that the last time she had been at the Drawing-Room at Dublin Castle, a lady, whom she afterwards found to be a grocer's wife, had turned angrily when a person had accidentally trodden on her train, and had exclaimed, with a strong brogue,—"I'll thank you, ma'am, for the rest of my tail."

Doctor R——— informed a cotemporary, that out of more than forty thousand cases which had fallen under his observation, he never met with one in which a person with red or light flaxen hair had the small pox to confluence.

A person some time since, says the author of Extracts from the Diary of a Lover of Literature, had sold Lord Kenyon a cottage at Richmond, and going down there lately, wished to take a view of the premises; an old housekeeper admitted him. On the table he saw three books,—the Bible, Epictetus, and the Whole Duty of Man. "Does my lord read this?" said the gentleman, taking up the Bible. "No," said the woman, "he's always poring over the little book, (pointing to Epictetus); I don't know what it is; my lady reads the two others; they come down here on a Saturday evening, with a leg or shoulder of mutton, this serves them the Sunday, and they leave me the remains." A chief justice of England, thus simple in his taste and habits, is at least a curiosity.

Some person, mentioning in company that a certain artist, not remarkable for correctness of outline, had left off *giving* lessons in drawing, was answered by a wit in company, that he was very glad of it, as he hoped Mrs. —— intended *taking* lessons.

Cambyses, King of Persia, ordered an evil judge to be flayed alive, and caused his skin to be spread on the seat of justice, and placed the son of the culprit upon it, making him judge in his father's stead.

Swift, in his letters, says,—"I saw Cato rehearsed, and it made me laugh to see the *drab* who played Cato's daughter;" this drab was afterwards the celebrated Mrs. Oldfield. Strange that he should write in such, I was going to say, a beastial manner to Vanessa and Stella; little did I think that the most vulgar of expressions which we hear in the streets were used constantly by so great a character to women of sensibility.

The Crimson Pelisse and the Grey Pelisse.

A PARODY.

FOR THE LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

(Concluded from page 150.)

THE sick man could proceed no further; nature was worn out for the present, yet he begged permission to finish his tale on the following day; this was acceded to, and the lady in the Crimson Pelisse accompanied her friend; there was something in the patient's manner that impelled her once more to visit this abode of misery; it might be to pass away the time; it might be curiosity, she would have reasoned upon her predilection; but had she done so, it would have been the first time she had ever reasoned in her life. Let us attend to the continuation:—

"At such a discovery my thoughts were all confused with love or passion, honor and pleasure; my newly acquired friend had implicitly confided in me, and supposing, as I had informed him of my *tendresse* for another, that I was too much engaged to be his rival, he heard of my visits, unattended by him, without jealousy, and the idea of thus supplanting him wrung my very soul; while poor Louisa's still small voice, which, when alone, I was compelled to hear, made strange havoc within me; but passion, ignoble passion, prevailed, and overcame every virtuous feeling; I could no longer cheat that amiable girl I had left to misery; I wrote to her, to tell her I was unworthy of her, to despise me, for in fact I could never see her more. My father, who, since my absence, had begun to have some alarm of the possibility

I might have of wishing to be united to one who was portionless, was not displeased to hear that I was about to marry a female of rank and fortune; but my coffee-house friend was to be satisfied; this was, I conceived, no very easy task; I had opened my whole soul to the destroyer of Louisa's happiness, and even told her of my connexion in the country; she wondered I could ever think of burying myself alive; but I was not much pleased when I heard her speak of a once loved name with ridicule and contempt. On the following week, we were privately married at a village church many miles from the metropolis; the whole of our journey, I was in a delirium of joy, save when Louisa's form, dejected and forlorn, blasted my sight; but this image of despair I soon banished from my sight, and I attempted to soften down my infamous conduct. At the inn where we stopped to dine, my wife had preceded the landlady to a room; and, while I was occupied in removing her box of jewels from the chaise, on the seat I discovered an open note: my eyes glanced upon my own name; I hesitated, and read nearly to the following effect:—

'What a matchless scheme have we laid! I hope now that your fears are at an end; how I adore you for your stratagem! this country booby is now rightly served; sacrifice then some little of your time to him; for a little bear the loathed addresses of (here my name was mentioned), but live for, and love only your dear Charles; I will meet you in a few days when you write me word how you have disposed of *him*, and once more enjoy those raptures which the fool, who now thinks he has your heart, is unworthy of.'

"It may easily be conjectured the effect that this precious scrawl had on me: after some cogitations, I scorned to reproach her, and sent her her note by a waiter, and vanished from her sight. I flew to my native village, but hid myself in obscurity.

"My Louisa had died broken-hearted; her father soon

followed; my father was easily pacified. My life became a burthen to me, and I secretly left his roof; but I carried a wound about me; I endured the agonies of the damned; my pecuniary means became exhausted, although a little contented me. I entered as a common soldier, but my mind was a hell; I could no longer endure it, and last week that dear angel," said he, turning to the lady in Grey, "found me in dying agonies, extended on the grass of the Green Park; I had swallowed poison,—I was rushing, with all my sins upon my head, into the presence of an offended maker; life has ebbed and flowed for near a week; during which time, such atonement as such a wretch as I can make, under such circumstances, I have attempted; but, oh! if she who destroyed two beings knew the despair she has caused, what horrors must be the inmate of the cruel Charlotte Milford————"

"Milford!" exclaimed the lady in Crimson, who had long been evidently deeply struck with the invalid's tale, for which her friend gave her credit for that feeling which she never possessed;—"Great God! am I then that monster?" a hectic glow visited the face of the sick man as he raised himself up in his bed. "It is, it is Edward!" she exclaimed, and threw herself on her knees beside the bed of him whom she had so dearly injured.

The room was soon crowded by enquirers, for her shrieks had alarmed the neighbourhood; but the soul of the invalid had fled; his limbs were stiffened in death, and he lay an example to passion, a monument of error.

The lady in Crimson remained in the most violent hysterics; all hands were employed in assisting her, when they were interrupted by a voice exclaiming "Where is he? lead me to him;—where is my boy, my son?—The aged, the grief-struck figure of the father of Edward now presented itself, he saw the dead body of his son; he looked for an explanation, but speech was denied him.

Here the curtain must fall; for such agony, such grief,

how shall I describe? I will not divert the feelings of my readers by any comments, they must make their own; they will easily point out the most proper example for their imitation, and adopt the virtues, and despise the crimes, of the Crimson Pelisse and the Grey Pelisse.

C.

MUSICAL MEMORANDA.

(Continued from page 162.)

BACH JOHN CHIRSTIAN arrived in England dnring the opera regency of the admirable female singer and actress, Colomba Mattei, who had engaged him as composer of the serious opera; he was the youngest son of Sebastian Bach; and had been a considerable time in Italy, where he added a new lustre to his name and family, by his dramatic productions, and had been appointed by the empress queen organist of the Duomo at Milan. On his arrival here, he was extremely mortified to find, that he had no better singers to write for than Ciardini and the Cremonini, two performers hardly worthy to be ranked in the second class; and for some time he totally declined composing for our stage; being unwilling, as a stranger, to trust his reputation to two such performers; but, at length, having heard the De Amicis sing two or three serious songs in private, it suggested to him the idea of giving her the first woman's part in his serious opera, and having communicated his design to Mattei, the impresaria, matters were soon arranged, and the De Amicis, who afterwards held the first rank among female singers in the serious operas of Naples, and other great cities of Italy, was now first taken from the comic opera, and in-

vested with the character of principal woman in the serious; and, during the rest of the season, on Tuesday nights, she delighted the town as the representative of Thalia, and on Saturdays as that of Melpomene. John Christian Bach's first opera in England, called *Orione o sia Diana vendicata*, was honoured with the presence of their majesties on the first night, Feb. 19, 1763, and extremely applauded by a very numerous audience; every judge of music perceived the emanations of genius throughout the whole performance, but were chiefly struck with the richness of the harmony, the ingenious texture of the parts, and above all with the new and happy use he had made of wind instruments, this being the first time that clarinets had obtained admission in our opera orchestra. Their majesties honoured the second representation likewise with their presence; and no other serious opera was wanting for near three months. *Zanaida*, however, a second serious opera by this composer, was brought out in May, which ran more than a month, when the season closed. The principal songs of these two operas, though excellent, being calculated to display the compass of voice, and delicate and difficult expression and execution of De Amicis, were not likely to become common, or of much use, out of the opera-house. The rest of the airs were so indifferently sung that they were more admired as instrumental pieces than compositions for the voice. But this excellent master soon convinced us that he possessed every requisite for a great musician, by the songs he afterwards composed in every style of good singing, by his symphonies, quartets and concertos, for almost every species of instrument, as well as by his expressive and masterly performance on the piano forte.

"It is with pleasure," says Docter Burney, "that we take this opportunity of doing justice to the talents and abilities of a man who improved our taste both in composition and performance. Having very early in life been deprived of the instructions of his father, the great Se-

run in debt to trust other people with their goods; pretty women who wear veils and slouch bonnets; and ugly ones who wear hats turned up in front; ladies who muffle up by their own firesides in a winter's morning, and who go undressed in the evening, through currents of air in the night, from hot ball-rooms; landlords that neglect to insure their houses; tenants that take houses at rack-rent, and stand to all repairs; gentlemen who turn actors without ability; and actors who turn gentlemen without politeness; elder brothers that drink and mortgage their estates; and younger brothers who marry women without fortunes; all such as neglect to keep wills by them; and all such as go to law for trifles; men of business who frequent cock-matches and horse-races; and bank-clerks who visit masquerades and balls; and loungers who support pugilists. In a word, I engage to cure all the fools in the nation. No cure, no pay! Please to ring the bell; a green lamp over the door. I have great practice from the adventurers in the lottery, and others who think of getting fortunes by other speculations. I cut a young citizen, lately set up, who kept his country-house, to which he drove every Saturday in his tandem, and did not return till Monday, leaving his shop and affairs at random, and his servants to do what they pleased; likewise I cut a lawyer's clerk, with a slouch hat, jockey boots, and a whip, and mixture coat, and mother of pearl buttons; and a mail-coachman lord; these three I cut in two minutes, and have gained great reputation thereby. Next week I am to cut a young lady who is in love with her father's footman, and an old barrister who was going to marry his chamber-maid; also a young bookseller, who is about to marry an expensive stage stricken milliner, and has only fifty pounds to begin the world with.

*** Beware of counterfeits; for such are abroad.

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE acquaints his friends, and the public in general, that he still continues to endeavour to carry on his business of king manufacturer, which, for size and durability, shall be equal to that of any other manufacturer; many specimens of which he has had the honour to present several courts on the continent; he makes them of all kinds of materials, from kings of shreds and patches to those of iron and brass; in the latter material he has gained much reputation. He takes old kings in exchange, and gilds them to make them look like new. He has in hand a young king, nearly finished, and ready for any country who may be about to establish a tyrannical government.

All letters, post paid, directed to him at St. Cloud's, Paris, will be duly attended to. No connexion with the shop of Messrs. Cromwell, Monk, and Co.

N. B.—Dukes made on the shortest notice, and good allowance made for old emperors, and those who buy to sell again. Country orders promptly *executed.*

WANTED, for a newly erected chapel, near Grosvenor-square, a young gentleman of elegant manners, and insinuating address, to conduct the theological department to a refined audience. It is not necessary that he believe in the thirty-nine articles; but it is expected that he should possess a white hand and a diamond ring; he will be expected to leave out vulgar ideas and denunciations against polite vices which he may meet with in the bible; and, upon no account, be guilty of wounding the ears of his auditory with the words hell, or damnation. One who lisps, is near sighted, and who has a due regard for amiable weaknesses, will be preferred.

N. B.—If he is of pleasing and *accommodating* manners, he will have a chance of being introduced to the first company, and three card parties every Sunday evening.

One who knows a few college jokes, or who has been chaplain to the whip club, will be preferred. He will have no occasion to administer baptism, &c. &c. there being an old gentleman employed, who, on account of extreme distress, has agreed, for ten pounds per annum, to preach in the afternoon, and *do* all the under work.

Letters must be addressed to James Speculate, Esq. Surveyor's Office, New-Square, Mary-le-Bonne. C.

*** *The Gossiper must decline Timothy Tinkle's letter; but Orlando shall be noticed in the next Gossiper.*

GRIEF.

A FRAGMENT.

"GRACIOUS and merciful heaven!" exclaimed Eugenia, "which way shall I turn myself for comfort? on whose bosom can I now repose my griefs, since he who was wont to hear and prevent them is now no more?" Her handkerchief covered her face, and her sobs were loud, deep-drawn, and painful; the sun darted through the crevices of the closed shutters, all was otherwise dark in the chamber of death; but myriads of atoms played in the gleam; the light struck on the coffin of her father, and this morning's sun was to see the last narrow house of her parent shut upon him; she was to be blest with his sight no longer. Comfort stood aghast, and agony roved over each feature. "Will you please to have

gloves for all, miss?" said the undertaker: "It will be proper, very proper," said Eugenia, as she started from the sofa." Will you not see your father once more," said the man, "*before we screw him up!*" "I will," said the comfortless Eugenia, assuming courage. "There never was a finer corpse in the world, madam," continued the fellow, "and you ought to thank God that the poor gentleman has every thing right, tight, and comfortable about him." The word corpse struck poor Eugenia to the soul; but what the servant of death said was true, her father's visage was as the finest marble, his nose was Grecian, his eyes were closed, but a heavenly smile was formed by his mouth; Eugenia kissed it.—" I do thank God," she exclaimed, while the man did his office, " who has supported me through all this; I am left, it is true, desolate; yet I shall see him again, but not yet; I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." Eugenia, however, dared not trust herself to hear " ashes to ashes, and dust to dust;" the death peal struck on her ear, and she remained till the return of her friends in the attitude of grief.

JOHN.

FOX AND HIS FATHER.

" Charles," said Lord Holland to the celebrated Fox, " have you no news from Eton?" " Yes, sir; I went to a fruit-woman to pay seven shillings I owed her; why, said she, you can't be son to the man who is member of parliament for our town; if you were, I should never have got my money!"

bastian Bach, he was for some time a scholar of his elder brother, the celebrated Charles Philip Emanuel Bach, under whom he became a fine performer on keyed instruments; but on quitting him, and going to Italy, where his chief study was the composition of vocal music, he assured Doctor Burney that, during many years, he made little use of a harpsichord or piano forte, but to compose for or accompany a voice. When he arrived in England, his style of playing was so much admired, that he recovered many of the losses his hand had sustained by disuse, and by being constantly cramped and crippled with a pen; but he never was able to reinstate it with force and readiness sufficient for great difficulties, and in general his compositions for the piano forte are such as ladies can execute with little trouble, and the allegros rather resemble bravoura songs than instrumental pieces for the display of great execution; on which account they lose much of their effect when played without the accompaniments, which are admirable, and so masterly and interesting to an audience that want of hand or complication in the harpsichord part is never discovered.

There are many admirable airs in the operas he composed for our stage that long remained in favour; the richness of the accompaniments, perhaps, deserve more praise than the originality of the melodies, which, however, are always natural, elegant, and in the best taste of Italy at the time he came over. The Neapolitan school, where he studied, is manifest in his cantileni, and the science of his father and brother in his harmony. The operas of this master are the first in which Da Capos disappeared, and which, about this time, began to be generally discontinued; the second part being incorporated with the first; to which, after modulating into the fifth of the key, the singer generally returns. Bach seems to have been the first composer who observed the law of *contrast* as a *principle;* before his time, contrast there frequently was in the works of others, but it seems to

have been accidental. Bach in his symphonies, and other instrumental pieces, as well as his songs, seldom failed, after a rapid and noisy passage, to introduce one that was slow and soothing; his symphonies seem infinitely more original than either his songs or harpsichord pieces, of which the harmony, mixture of wind instruments, and general richness and variety of accompaniment, are certainly the most prominent features. In the sonatas and concertos which he composed for his own playing, when his hand was feeble, or likely to tire, he diverted the attention of the audience to some other instrument, and he had Abel, Fischer, Cramer, Crosdill, Cervetto, and other excellent musicians to write for, and take his part whenever he wanted support.

In 1765, he new set Metastasio's *Adriano in Siria;* in the performance of which the rich, powerful, and mellifluous, voice of Manzoli was assigned the principal part. The expectation of the public the first night this drama was performed, occasioned such a crowd at the King's Theatre as had been seldom seen there before; it was impossible for a third part of the company collected together on this occasion to obtain places; but, whether from heat or inconvenience, the unreasonableness of expectation, the composer being out of fancy, or too anxious to please, the opera failed; every one seemed to come out of the theatre disappointed, and the drama was performed but two or three times; this seemed matter of great triumph to the Italians, who began to be jealous of the Germanic body of musicians at this time in the kingdom. The songs were printed by the elder Welcker, and many of them sung afterwards at concerts with great applause, and found as detached airs excellent, though they had been unfortunate in their totality.

Soon after his arrival in England, J. C. Bach and his countryman, Abel, uniting interests, opened a subscription for a weekly concert; and, as their own compositions were new and excellent, and the best performers of all

kinds which our capital could supply enlisted under their banners, this concert was better patronized, and longer supported, than perhaps any one had ever been in this country, having continued for full twenty years with uninterrupted prosperity.

Bach had not been long in London before he had the honour of being appointed chamber musician and music master to her majesty, and his merit seems to have been constantly well understood and royally patronized at St. James's to the end of his life, which he terminated, after a short illness, in 1782; and having much more genius than worldly prudence, he left his widow, Mrs. Bach, formerly the *Signora Grassi*, first woman at the opera during the run of Gluck's *Orfeo*, in very indigent circumstances; but her majesty, finding that she wished to return to her own country, settled a pension upon her to enable her to end her days there in ease and comfort.

(To be continued.)

MISS HONORA SNEYD.

We beg leave to correct a trifling mistake in the life of this lady, inserted in our Museum for October, 1811; *this celebrated lady, Honora Sneyd, the lamented friend of Anna Seward, was the* second *wife of Mr. Edgeworth, who afterwards married her sister; but the mother of the literary Miss Edgeworth, and the* first *wife of Mr. Edgeworth, was a Miss Ellars, of Oxfordshire.*

PICTURESQUE TRUTH.

In order that Colonel Thornton might have an accurate painting of a favourite dog, he had him killed, and placed in a posture fit for painting him.

ON THE DIVINE WISDOM.

A TALE.

"One truth is clear, whatever is is right!"—POPE.

"SURELY this cannot be justice," exclaimed an aged figure, as he bent, in apparent agony, over a grave which appeared to have been lately closed; his knees shook with emotion, a burning tear stole down his furrowed face, and he seemed a prey to the deepest anguish. I had beheld him with secret veneration, till the above sentence escaped his lips; and shocked at these expressions, I approached him, and desired to know what misfortune could give rise to such misery as he seemed to experience. The answer was a deep sigh, and again he relapsed into his former reverie; at length, starting up as from a dream, he addressed me as follows:—"Pardon the inattention I have been guilty of; absorbed in the contemplation of my misfortunes, I was unable to attend to your question; alas! young man, hear my sorrowful tale, and judge if my complaints are groundless." Having seated ourselves upon a tombstone opposite the grave, he continued,—"Thirty years have now elapsed since, by the death of my father, I was put in possession of two thousand pounds a year: as I had been bred to farming, I resolved to continue the profession, and endeavoured to tread in the same path my honoured father did before me. Two years had scarcely passed before I married a young woman of no fortune, but most amiable manners; I was happy; and I felt proud that I was above the reach of misfortune; alas! how foolish were my thoughts, how little did I expect such misery as I now endure! In short, I enjoyed myself

for many years, till old age crept fast upon me. Three lovely boys had blest my marriage bed, and I superintended their education with all the pride of an anxious parent. My eldest had reached his tenth year, when, one night, pardon my emotion, kind stranger, one luckless night, dreadful storms foreboded the approaching evil; I was reading by the fireside to my wife and little ones; we regarded not "the pelting of the pitiless storm," the only pang my heart felt was for those wretches who had no home to shelter them like ourselves; my eldest boy left the room; I continued reading, and no notice was taken of his absence, till we thought something ill must have befallen him. I went to seek him, but could find him no where; I advertised him in vain. In short, from that time to this I have heard nothing of him, he must have perished. This blow fell hard upon us amidst our boasted felicity; my wife with difficulty survived his loss, and for a year we had nothing but misery.

"Five years revolved, and our misfortune had just began to wear off, when again another overwhelmed us in affliction: our second boy was now leaving school, and all our hopes were centered in his future situation, when the small pox robbed us a second time of our fondest dreams of happiness; alas! they were but dreams; and we awoke to misery and despair. One child yet remained, and he lived to renew our comforts; he had reached his twenty-third year, and I prepared to resign him a fortune much less than when I first possessed it, for I had great losses in business, when, one evening charging his piece, by some accident it went off, and deprived me in a moment of my remaining hope. Excuse me, sir, I can no more,—my wife lies in that new grave, a victim to despair, there I laid her this morning, and I soon shall follow; my fortune is exhausted, misfortune has prevented me from exerting myself; I have been cheated of some of my inheritance; my banker failed; the bailiffs are now in my house; and, in short, I could scarcely raise sufficient to give my unfortunate Eliza a decent funeral."

Here sobs choaked his utterance, tears coursed each other down his cheeks; mine had long flowed. An interesting discovery had broken upon my mind, and I thus addressed him:—

"To tax with injustice the decrees of an all-wise and unerring deity is surely the greatest presumption a mortal can be guilty of! Your sufferings have been great, it is true, but a burthen, by being borne with fortitude, is rendered lighter; even now there is at hand some alleviation of your misery; I think I have seen the son you lost when a child; is not your name Manners?" "It is!" "Then he is in England," said I. "Gracious heaven! pardon me," exclaimed he, "Where, when did you see him? Perhaps even now he is near his paternal home; alas! he will find me much altered; but how long is it since you saw him?" "Have you forgotten me, father?" exclaimed I. "Have burning suns and long absence so disguised me, that not one feature yet remains to strike conviction. I am your long lost child!" Surprise, joy, and a variety of contending emotions, stopped his utterance; he could only say, "Welcome to thy father's arms, thou blessing sent by heaven."

When the first transports were over, he desired to know where I had been, and in what manner I was torn from him.—"I had scarcely left the room," said I; "that dreadful night, I well remember it; some one knocked at the door; I went and opened it; but saw no one; I went out two or three steps, when somebody seized me behind, gagged me, and bound me on a horse; after which he mounted behind me, and galloped off across the country; two hours we rode in this manner, when my conductor, whom I found belonged to a set of people called gypsies, informed me we were embarking for America, and I bade adieu to my country and friends, I then thought for ever; nothing particular happened on the voyage; soon after we landed, I was sold to a planter for ten guineas; my master was an Englishman, and I told

him my story, he was affected at it, and promised to make my fortune. In short, as he had no children, he took a liking to me, and I superintended his work; he lately died, and left me all his fortune, about five thousand a year. I still went by my own name, and I determined to return to England, and seek my parents; I wrote several letters, none of which I suppose ever reached you; but it has pleased heaven to make me the happy instrument of returning comfort to my distressed father, and proved to him how thoughtless it is to tax divine judgement. Although every man of sorrow may not thus be favoured, yet if he trusts in God, and bears up awhile,

"The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded spring encircle all."

R. PORTER.

THE POOR SOLDIER.

The hat of a subaltern officer having fallen off as he was passing in review before Buonaparte, his companion picked it up on the point of his sword. "Oh!" exclaimed the bare headed soldier, "I wished you had pierced my body!" "Why?" exclaimed the companion. "Because," replied the trooper, "I have credit with my *surgeon*, but none with my *hatter*."

AGRICULTURAL PERTINACITY.

An old Cumberland farmer, a decided enemy to improvement, being asked where he had procured his breed of sheep, that they were so remarkably ill-formed and degenerate, replied—"They are such as God set upon the land; we never change any."

THE GOSSIPER.

NO. XVI.

The humble Petition of the Umbrella to Mr. Gossiper.

"While from the skies you dread the drenching rain,
'Tis I preserve you both from wet and pain."

SIR,

YOUR petitioner, labouring under much serious and unjust disadvantage and contempt, humbly, and with all due respect, begs leave to unfold to you his pitiable situation, not doubting but that when you shall have perused the same, that you will attend to the prayer of your said unhappy petitioner.

In the first place, your petitioner, for some time past, has not been treated with that respect and kindness which he thinks his services entitled to. Your petitioner formerly enjoyed the favour of the fair sex in a far more extensive and intimate degree than at present; a lady was then seldom abroad unaccompanied by your petitioner, who was then permitted to feel the cheering beams of the sun, which happiness he is now entirely deprived of. Your petitioner also at that time was allowed to attend divine service with his mistress, not as now-a-days only permitted to be present on wet days, and in the company of footmen, which society, by their profane and wicked manners, have greatly tended to interrupt and destroy the devotion of your said petitioner.

But what your petitioner has most seriously to lament, and to request redress for, is, that an impertinent spruce coxcomb, yclept Parasol, has engrossed almost entirely

the favour and protection of the fair sex, to the exclusion of your petitioner; your petitioner, from this circumstance is denominated ugly, clumsy, and heavy, and is not permitted to wear so good a coat as formerly, while the said Parasol enjoys a livery far more elegant and costly than even the best your petitioner ever wore in the happiest periods of his existence. Moreover, your petitioner is not exempted from any of the labour he formerly performed, save and except that of guarding the beautiful faces of the ladies from the rays of the sun, which employment constituted the principal happiness of your said petitioner.

Was your petitioner disposed to descant upon his own merits, he feels little doubt that he could make it appear to you that he is, for all practical purposes, more intrinsically useful than his aforesaid opponent, Parasol; but your petitioner, relying on your judgement, candour, and goodness, only prays that you will interest yourself in his behalf, in order that he may obtain the situation he formerly held; and your petitioner, as in duty bound, will ever pray to keep you, good Mr. Gossiper, in a dry skin, and will, to the end of his existence, remain your trusty and faithful servant,

UMBRELLA.

The Gossiper is sorry to inform Umbrella he can do but little for him; he has passed his petition to the proper office, and the clerk of the weather has promised to attend to it.

THE advertisements I have received are yet but few; but I trust, as the Gossiper will be more known, that the public will find their interest in advertising in a work that has nearly as great a sale as the celebrated Bell's Weekly

Messenger. I shall fill up my present paper with those I have by me.

To all Christian people to whom these presents shall come greeting,

Know ye, that for the particular utility of all simpletons, ninni-hammers, vain coxcombs, coquets, scandal-loving old maids, country squires, and others, I, Ursula Mambrino, of Battersea, in the county of Surrey, do still live in my ancient seat, and am still known there, and all round the county, by the name of the old woman who cut folk for the simples; though some ill-minded people have reported me dead; but, to convince the world of the falsity of that malicious report, I do assure them that I am not only alive, but in bodily health, and perform cures upon numbers of patients every day. I have a great variety of instruments made, some in France, Holland, Germany, America, and many other parts of the globe. I perform every operation without pain or blistering, or hindrance of business; therefore let none despair, but come to me in time, and fear nothing.

If a lady be seized with the sullens, and will not speak, I cut the twatling string in a moment, and restore her tongue to its usual volubility; if she chatters too frequently, and ever so incessantly, I bleed her in the sublingual vein, scarify the salival glands, cut out the worm from under her tongue; then give her a bottle of my *aqua contra objurgationum;* of which, whenever she hold a spoonful in her mouth, she will become as quiet as a lamb.

It would be tedious to mention in this advertisement the several sorts of simpletons I cut; I have performed cures upon citizens who long to be knighted; parents who give the staff out of their own hands, and depend upon their children; wives that part with their jointures; husbands that intend to leave their wives sole executors, with full power to portion their children; tradesmen who

THE

POETICAL DEPOT.

NO. III.

A MAN of very good sense, but totally unacquainted with Literature, once said before Boileau, that he had rather be able to make a Wig than write a Poem; adding,—"What is the use of Poetry, and what end does it answer?" "This very circumstance," replied Boileau, "raises my admiration of Poetry; that, having nothing useful in it, nevertheless it should be the delight of all men of talents and reputation."

STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO *****.

WHEN sorrow wakes the sad and silent tear,
And sickness flings around her mournful gloom;
When fancy droops her wing, as truth severe
Frowns on the joys which she hath bid to bloom;
And hope, the torn companion of her doom,
Turns far from earthly things her streaming eye,
And fain would lift the soul beyond the tomb;
Ah! then how sweet, as from her native sky,
Are heard the seraph tones of heav'nly sympathy!

Oh! it is their's to bid the mourner rest,
To cheer the heart no other sounds may cheer,
To wake to ectasy the thrilling breast,
All as they rise celestial on the ear,

Bearing the soul above her mortal sphere:
Yes! for their sake, she'll bless the present ill;
And treasure up in many an after year,
When other pangs may pierce, and sorrows chill
The ever sacred sound, and be enraptur'd still.

Thus bending thoughtful o'er her humble lyre,
As with its trembling strings she rudely play'd,
The grateful muse, too daring, would aspire
Some less unworthy tribute to have paid
To one whose fostering praise hath frequent bade
The light of pleasure glisten in her eye;
But, ah! in vain her feeble hand essay'd;
And, with the conscious sounds that trembled by,
Mingled her bosom's deep, but unavailing sigh.

Yet deem not those from whose inspired shell
Genius and virtue breathe the living strain,
Deem not the tones which late were heard to swell,
Died on the gale unheeded,—that in vain
To soothe to peace the wearied breast of pain
Thy numbers flow'd; oh! deem not, tho' unknown,
That thou hast sung to one who could restrain
The warm tear's gratitude, when sad and lone
She heard sweet pity's pray'r ascend to mercy's throne.

No! ever dear will be that hallow'd sound!
Dear as the memory of pleasures past,
When darkly roars the wintry tempest round,
And shrinks the shudd'ring spirit all aghast.
And oft the silent tear-drop, falling fast,
Will speak the inward feelings of the soul;
Will softly whisper that while life shall last,
And pensive memory hold her fond control,
There is no gloom so drear, but it may well console.

Nor was it vain, that secret, "holy prayer,"
Heav'n bless'd the wish benevolence had form'd;
Yet once again the scene of life is fair,
And the rude terrors, which but late alarm'd,

" Exulting hope" triumphant hath disarm'd.
Yes! she hath " scatter'd far the wintry gloom,"
And with her sunny smile the bosom warm'd;
Which, pondering late upon the dark, chill tomb,
Dreamt not of " happier days," nor scenes of bliss to come.

And though the secret soul may haply know
That which, prophetic, bids her to prepare,
While yet a wanderer in this vale of woe,
For many a future pang, and future care;
And that which long hath bade her to beware
Of fixing here the treasure of the heart;
Still through each future scene, however drear,
The soothing " voice of friendship" shall impart
That peace which but with life alone can e'er depart.

August, 1812. A.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MUSEUM.

SIR,

SHOULD the following attempt at a pathetic tale, in the modern style, meet with your approbation, perhaps you may again hear from me.

GRISSELDA.

BY MISS HOOFSTUTTER.

" Vont nobody rid me of this troublesome intruder," said Grisselda, as she was rubbing her back against her old arm chair; " vont nobody," continued she, " restore to slumbers unchecked the unhappy Grizzle. Cruel, cruel Robin, to leave me here a prey to insects, while thou art

carousing at the lobster and jackboots. Is it not enough that the cat has licked up all the milk? is it not enough that I was obliged to drink my tea without, but that I must be farther tormented?"

Grisselda Griskin was at this time not more than five and twenty; she had been courted two years by Robin; he had even promised to drink tea with her this afternoon; but, alas! vain are the hopes of lovers; Robin had met the exciseman; the exciseman was also in love; they drank the healths of their mistresses together, and Grisselda Griskin and Margery Mulkettle's names were toasted till their faithful swains sunk into the arms of Somnus; they left off drinking, because they could drink no longer, for every farthing of the filthy lucre they once possessed was gone;—gone, never to come back again.

Poor forlorn Grisselda, whose beauties I shall not describe, because she had none, had long waited for his appearance; at length she had dropt into a doze, from which she was awakened by an intruder,—a flea had applied his proboscis to that hollow part of the back situated between two projecting bones; whether these bones be really the blade-bones, the plate-bones of the carcase-butcher, or the clavicle bones of the anatomist, we cannot pretend to say, but they certainly sheltered the flea during his nocturnal depredations, mocking all Grisselda's attempts to drive him away; he was now *working* at the sternium, or back-bone, and the unfortunate Grisselda became a prey to his severe manœuvres; it was in vain she rubbed against the chair back, the urchin heeded it not; in vain she tried to reach him with the handle of a leaden tea-spoon; it was of no avail, still he fed undisturbed; and poor Grisselda, overcome with vexation, passion, and a volley of oaths, sunk into sentimentality. "Alas! why was I not born a horse?" she exclaimed, "I might then have brushed this flea off with my tail; or a cow, then I should be soon released from this tyrant; I

should also be driven home by my Robin; I should receive a turnip from his fair hand;" she dwelt on this idea with extacy. Love, almighty love, charmed even the heart of a flea, and Grisselda again nodded in expectation of her Robin.

At length she heard a voice, sweet as the Scotch piper's drone at Bartholomew fair; she waited to hear more with great anxiety; at length the following words startled her expectant ear:—

"Turnips and carrots were boil'd in a pot,
Turnips popt out before carrots were hot."

It was Robin's voice, and she knew not which to admire, the sweetness of the air, or the poetical justice of the idea; she mused on it in intense thought; turnips she knew were done first, and often as she had prepared the dinner, she had observed the uneasiness of the turnips, and the agitated water.

"Thou boiling bubbling water," she exclaimed, "how much art thou like my heart, always convulsed! but I will meet my love." So saying, she lifted up the latch of the door, "Where is my duck?" she exclaimed. Alas! he was fallen in the pig-trough. "Why are pig-troughs made so small?" said the lovely Grisselda; she would have dragged him out, but a recreant pea-shell tript up her leg, and the lover and the loved sunk together in the slush-floored piggery.

OLD BAILEY WIT.

As some prisoners were conveying from New Prison, Clerkenwell, to the Old Bailey, they stopped to drink in St. John's lane; a gentleman, asking what were their offences, one of the culprits, with great archness, told him, he was only charged with picking a washerwoman's pocket of a pail of soap suds.

ELLEN;

OR,

THE PARSONAGE.

(Continued from page 131.)

FROM ELLEN.

M—— Park.

The task I have undertaken is a severe one, my friend; but my duty tells me—virtue tells me, it is necessary, and I must go through it.

In early youth I was left an orphan under the guardianship of my uncle, who has reared me with paternal care; from my infancy I was of a sickly habit, and I am as a plant, a tender plant, which has been preserved from every rude blast, and cheered into maturity by the warm sun of affection; no wish of my heart was ungratified, and contented happiness beamed upon my youthful days: in return, I was the soother of my uncle's little cares, and the source of many of his joys; he had a son; you know that son, and his amiable qualities; consequently I need not describe him. Frederic has been the companion of my short life; we loved each other from our cradles. About a year since, Frederic professed an attachment for me of a warmer nature than brotherly affection; I compared him with every man I had then seen, and he gained much by the comparison;—I returned his love, and my uncle consented to our union with delight; he had, he said, but two blessings, and when these two blessings were united, all his earthly wishes would be fulfilled. Our marriage was only delayed till I became of age.

During Frederic's absence on a pleasurable tour with some friends, I first saw you. New and strange emotions filled my breast after my first interview with you; your manners were fascinating,—you came like a beam of light upon my hitherto darkened mind,—lovely is that beam, said I; and the crowded sigh of my bosom rose. Your conversation and taste awakened dormant energies of my mind which I knew not it possessed. Modesty forbade me to speak of my engagement with Frederic,—you were deluded, and my young, inexperienced heart, unversed in system of either guile or coquetry, and ignorant of the nature of the feelings you inspired in it, led me to seek and enjoy your society, because it gave me superior pleasure to any I had yet tasted, till it was lost.

It was from the books to which you introduced me, I first learnt that it was love I felt for you,—Heloise opened my eyes to the precipice on which I stood. It was with a sensation bordering on horror I discovered that I, the affianced wife of another, loved and was loved by you in return.

Frederic returned home;—I hoped his presence would recall me to my duty; but, my friend, it only served to heighten my unhappy passion;—for you were still with me, and the poison was more alluring than the antidote; I no longer had a taste for his company, or conversation; I was like the peasant taken from his homely fare to feed on the viands of luxury, who cannot again enjoy his simple meal since he has revelled amidst dainties;—I could not relish the society, or pursuits, of Frederic, after having tasted yours.

My mind struggled severely between its sense of duty and my passion;—I became ill;—the two unfortunate interviews I had with you almost destroyed me. Oh! Sir Henry, with what rapture did my heart listen to the avowal of your love? and how was it torn by the recollection of my engagement?

Candour and virtue have dictated the above relation; it was necessary as a forerunner to the request I am about to make to you.

So fondly does my uncle dote on me, that I am convinced the whole happiness of his future life depends upon my union with his son. Can I then, my dear friend, shall I be the tempest to destroy the edifice of happiness he had reared, wherein to pass the evening of his days? Shall he say, that she who has been the child of his care, and of his love, hastened his departure for "the dark and narrow house?" Oh! no; even you would despise her whom your heart has selected, could she thus act,—could she thus abandon the noblest feeling of human nature, *gratitude.*

There remains then but one way of restoring my beloved uncle and his family to their former peace,—with you it must rest; the trial is worthy of the man to whom I look up with admiration bordering on idolatry. *Quit the Parsonage, Sir Henry, and shortly.*

Think you this request cost me no pain to make? Alas! did I say so, the tears which render my writing almost illegible would eloquently contradict me. I have candidly laid open my inmost soul to you. God knows how dear you are to me; but my engagement is not to be broken without banishing the cherub peace for ever from my breast. Alas! when has she made it her resting place?

Your pure heart values my virtue more than the possession of my person, and *you will depart.*

ELLEN MORLAND.

TO ELLEN.

M—— Park.

CRUEL, cruel Ellen! Oh! thou refiner upon torment! why dost thou let me bear into banishment an additional proof of thy matchless excellence? Oh! God! why didst

thou, at the moment thou deprivedst me of hope, the wretch's last consoler, bless me with the extatic words "I love you." *Love me!* What Ellen love me, and banish me? Impossible! Didst thou love as I do, thy heart could never achieve such a conquest; the human heart is incapable of it. Oh! no, you mistake! you mistake! You pity my torture, and suppose it love. Did your heart burn with the fervor mine does, think you you could banish me? Impossible. Ellen, you are deceived.

Fool! fool! do I deny the virtue I know not? Is not Ellen's soul as far superior to thine, as she is lovelier than all her sex? It is! It is! Ellen, I will obey you; I will imitate the virtue I as yet possess not; I will leave you, though it kills me. May heaven exhaust its store of choicest blessings on you,—and—and———

Adieu,

HENRY M———.

TO CHARLES D———, ESQ.

Brighton.

START not at receiving a letter, my friend, from a long silent correspondent; the date is correct; I am at Brighton indeed; read the enclosed, and your surprise will vanish. Think, Charles, what were my sensations at the receipt of such a letter from her! but it was conclusive,—I answered it, and resolved to obey her. My house will not be habitable in less than six months, and had I gone to any other in the neighbourhood, Mr. Conway must have thought my conduct strange, and ungrateful; besides, I knew, had I remained near her, where my erring heart would have directed my steps too frequently, and I knew not where to go. The physician who has attended me of late, on the morning after that sad evening on which I received Ellen's cruel mandate, said I looked, he thought, worse; God knows, well I might; my clothes

had not been off, nor had sleep for one moment eased my aching head, and agonized heart, during the night: he hinted that change of scene might be of service to me, and recommended a visit to the sea shore. I caught at the idea about as eagerly as the mariner who sees his all, his every source of happiness, about to be lost for ever in the sinking vessel, lays hold of a piece of floating wreck, scarcely caring whether he saves himself or perishes.

When I met Mr. Conway, Frederic, and Ellen, at dinner, I resolved to impart my intended journey to them; Ellen blushed as I bowed at her entrance into the dining room, and averted her eyes from mine. When we were seated, Mr. Conway observed, with his wonted kindness, that it was with regret, he perceived I was so ill; Frederic said nothing, he has behaved very coolly to me of late; no doubt he has some suspicion of the cause of my malady. I stammered out Doctor C———'s opinion, and requested Mr. Conway to add to the benefits he had already conferred on me by superintending the workmen at my house. The recollection, it is a frequent one, of the mistress I thought to have given that house, when I began it, at the moment darted across my mind; I could not endure it,—the tears rolled down my cheeks. Mr. Conway said he was willing to comply with my request, and hoped, ere it was finished, its master would return to the Parsonage in perfect health. I looked across the table at Ellen; my eyes for a moment caught hers,—and in that moment, heavens! what volumes they spoke! a tear was on her pale cheek; the fowl's wing on her plate was cut to pieces, but she appeared not to have eaten a morsel. I could sit no longer, my feelings were wound to the highest pitch of torture,—purgatory were preferable to what I endured: I started up, and seizing the hand of my worthy host,—"You are kind, very kind, my friend," I exclaimed; no more could find utterance, and I went tottering to my chamber. When I gained my chamber, I took out Ellen's letter; I read it, and

re-read it; I kissed it, and wept over it with the enthusiasm of a maniac.

A little calmed by my tears, I reflected that, as I had promised to obey her, it were best to act like the sick man who nauseates the health-filled cup, and swallows the contents with shuddering quickness; and repeating, with poor Posthumus,—

"Should I be taking leave
As long a term as yet I have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow."

I rang my bell, and ordered my servant to have my travelling chaise ready in a couple of hours, to pack up, and to desire old Thomas to prepare to attend me.

Whilst my servant got my trunks ready, I walked up and down the room in agitation inexpressible. In this house I had tasted happiness, to which former joys, when compared, were nothing; and, alas! I had drank deep of the bitterest draught misery can fill her cup with; and I was about to leave it, and her who rendered it dear to me, perhaps *for ever*; for I was ill, very ill. What am I then better now? Oh! no, I feel, Charles, that within which tells me my career will be short, very short; "I must fall, like a leafless oak; it grew on a rock, but the winds have overturned it." "The spring shall return with its showers, but no leaf of mine shall arise."

The sound of my carriage-wheels came on my ear like the awful approach of thunder; I trembled as I heard it; I took a sad farewell look around the room, each piece of furniture seemed endeared to me; and descended to the drawing-room to take leave; as I entered, I started at finding Ellen there alone; I could scarcely stand, I gained a seat, and uttered the names of Mr. Conway and Frederic; she appeared agitated at being alone with me, and after some hesitation, told me they were both gone out for the evening. It was with much difficulty I could command my tongue to request she would make my ac-

knowledgements to them for their many kindnesses to me, and to beg them to excuse my sudden departure. "Departure!" she interrupted, in a tone of surprise; "not to night, my friend, surely you will not go so soon!" "Oh, Ellen!" I answered, rising, and taking her hand, "do not, do not, for the love of heaven, speak thus; my mind's philosophy is exerted to its utmost to enable me to obey your commands; either revoke them, or do not ask me to stay longer; it must be now or never; if I must go, Ellen, rather treat me, speak to me with unkindness, then I should not know Ellen, and not knowing her, should leave her with less regret.—Regret! Oh, God! 'tis death!" Her colour varied, and she wept. "Farewell, Sir Henry; farewell, my friend," she sobbed; "virtue demands it, and—and———"

I seized her out-stretched hand. "Heaven, heaven bless you, Ellen," I exclaimed, "and farewell, farewell for ever!"

I tore myself from her arms, and rushing from the house, got into my chaise in a state of mind bordering on frenzy. I knew, I heeded nothing till I arrived here. Thomas attended me, and still does, with the care of a parent; and, alas! Charles, I need care.

Adieu,

HENRY M——.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SIR THOMAS ROBINSON.

Sir Thomas Robinson, who spoke French imperfectly, invited the Duke de Nivernois to dine with him. Lord Chesterfield met him a few days after at court, and thus accosted him:—"I am concerned, Sir Thomas, to understand that you have affronted the ambassador from the Christian King. "How, my lord?" "It is in every body's mouth," added Lord Chesterfield, "that you gave the duke some very *bad* language at your own table."

From Tristram Tattle, at Barnet, to his Cousin Dolly, in the Country.

LETTER II.

September 13*th*, 1812.

After the very handsome present of the partridges, Dolly, I were a brute not to sit down, and answer your letter. Your affectionate cousin, Tristram, has at length smelt country air; I have the task of arranging some papers for an account of Hertfordshire, so behold me, Dolly, at Barnet, snuffing the dust which a drove of pigs are kicking up in the centre of the town, and scribbling to you; my friend Type brought me here last week with a chaise and horses; and if ever you *post*, Dolly, *run*, this is technical, to the Green Man at Barnet; the civility I have experienced at this house was beyond every thing. This place is situated about eleven miles from London, it is a dull, once market town, but the walks round it are delightful. You, who know how fond I am of a setting sun, will readily enter into my feelings when I inform you I have seen his glories quit the horizon every evening; this, with beautiful moonlight nights, have gone near to revive all that enthusiasm which, alas! made me quit my father's desk for a sonnetteer's garret. I have here a sitting and bed room. Some author says, you may tell a person's disposition by the books, &c. around him; what then am I to think of my landlady, who ornaments my chamber with a portrait of Brass Crosby, and Hardy, once tried for treason? As an *amende* honorable, however, the good Lady Huntington is placed between them, and mock portraits, or female enthusiasts, make a picture; for patriots I confess I have but small respect; man must be an interested animal. In the time of Wilkes and li-

berty, I have heard your mother say that your father was imprisoned in the King's Bench for selling a paper against government, called the North Briton, written by Wilkes; after his confinement, he waited on the patriot, hoping that, as he had been ruined on his account, he might now share the loaves and fishes of Wilkes's prosperity; but Wilkes knew him not. I have heard your mother complain bitterly of this, and how her heart sunk when she left your father, and how they ornamented his cell with Death and the Lady, framed with red tape.

But you will say, what is this to Barnet? Well, Barnet then is separated by a plain from Highgate, called Finchley-Common, famous for highway roberries, as several of the culprits hanging in chains once testified. It was one morning early when an inhabitant of this town, walking to London, saw one of these gentlemen skeletons move up and down; he stared with *all his eyes*, says my narrator; at length he gained courage to draw nearer, when he found two of the deceased's friends were about to unhang him; he ventured to question them on their purpose, but received such language as made him think proper to decamp without scarcely looking behind him.

Before I left London, we, as you must have seen by the papers, were all alive, after the victory of the brave Lord Wellington. What you say of illumination is very true, it causes much waste, but it is the only way we have of shewing our joy. A man who grins when he is delighted does not make his mouth the more ornamental, but, were he to repress his feelings, he would become misanthropical. I illuminated my little garret; people did say, if the money was expended in charity, it would be better;—granted; but would these people give to the sufferers the money their candles would have cost? I tell ye, nay. Your old friend, Charles Haversac, is returned from Spain, bringing with him one of Buonaparte's insignia of the Legion of Honour; it is very far inferior to any of our orders. Charles is at present with me-

and I will endeavour to give you a description of this bauble; but, as his servant, Field, is practising on the bugle over my head, perhaps, Dolly, I may not make all so clear to your ideas as I could wish. From the extravagance of Buonaparte in his favours, I had been led to imagine all of them to be superb; I have seen our orders of the Bath and Garter, but the order of Honour is very, very far inferior; it is a toy which would lay on the palm of *your* hand, which you know I have so often praised in our youthful days, for that quality which a Chinese would eulogize in his mistress's foot, its smallness. Would I could afford, Dolly, to give you a wood-cut of this martial reward; but I cannot, therefore I must resort to my descriptive powers.

From the crown of Charlemaigne, surmounted by a cross, which crown and cross but a few years since they destroyed, while in vain nature and art pleaded for mercy, is suspended another cross, called by the heralds, a *croix patée* of ten points, and at the end of each a small dot, the size of a pin's head, all of silver, the pointed parts badly enamelled, and surrounded by a wreath of oak and laurel; these are affixed in the most bungling manner, and painted in the same style as those leaden chairs and tables which we buy for urchins at your country fair; in the centre of this *croix patée* is a silver gilt medal of Buonaparte, about the size of our silver threepence; this part is certainly well executed; the French beat us hollow in coins, our seven shilling pieces were a disgrace to the country; round the bust of Buonaparte, on blue enamel, is the motto, *Napoleon Empr. des François*; on the reverse the eagle, round which, in the same style, *Honneur et Patrie*: so much for the order of Honour. This is probably the only letter you will have from this place; for, though it is a picturesque country, yet, Dolly, we have nothing scarcely to eat, and every thing at such a price that none but a mad garretteer would submit to the imposition. In every place ten miles round the capital,

they take all in a lump to London, to receive for it ready money; judge then what a price the necessaries of life must be, when the expence of back carriage swells the amount of your bills. Adieu, Dolly; I visit London next week.

TRISTRAM TATTLE.

(To be continued occasionally.)

REVIEW OF FEMALE LITERATURE, &c.

EMILY, *a moral tale, including Letters from a Father to his Daughter, by the Reverend* HENRY KETT, *of Trinity College, Oxford, in* 3 *vols.* Rivington and Co. 1*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

This gentleman, following the plan originally commenced by Miss Hannah More, has, under the semblance of a novel, made his book a vehicle for useful instruction. We presume, from its passing through three editions, that it has obtained circulation, and answered his purpose; but surely the mere novel reader, the literary idler, will never be induced to read a book which neither raises the passions, nor contributes to aggravate a disordered imagination; as a proof, the copy which was sent to us, and which had been in the possession of some novel readers, had only been cut up at incidents which generally form the whole of novel writing, while the pages that contain useful morality, and good precept, were closed till our knife unfolded them to our view. Mr. Kett has published two volumes, in which he conducts his heroine to the temple of Hymen, and has thus taught his reader the duty of a daughter and a wife. These two volumes have been given to the public some years; the third volume, published since, delineates his heroine as a wife, mother, and a widow, and the various duties which are combined in these titles give him ample room for the display of those virtues which never require greater exertion than under the last forlorn calamity. We extract the following:—

"Such was the Saviour who deigned to take our nature upon him, submitted to be laid on a manger, to endure the greatest hardships of life, was despised and rejected, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; so destitute of all worldly conveniencies, that he had not where to lay his head; he patiently witnessed the ingratitude of his countrymen, and the perfidy of one of his disciples, who betrayed him; he was falsely accused and unjustly condemned to a most painful death, even the death of the cross; and to all this privation of heavenly glory and endurance of human misery he submitted with consummate patience, in order to rescue us from the divine displeasure by his death, and purchase for us the kingdom of heaven by his merits.

Emily.—I have with pleasure noticed in the gospel history instances of our lord's condescension to the female sex, are there many such?

Colonel.—There are—at the suggestion of his mother, the Virgin Mary, he performed his first miracle at a marriage feast; he conversed with the woman of Samaria in a most gracious manner respecting her own affairs and his divine mission; struck with the pertinent reply and lively faith of the female sufferer, who had had an issue of blood for many years, he instantly cured her; he raised the son of the widow to life, and healed St. Peter's mother of a fever. 'Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but for yourselves, and your children,' was his affectionate address when he wished to divert their attention from his own afflictions to the impending destruction of their native city. Martha and Mary shared his friendship with their brother Lazarus; at his crucifixion he committed the Virgin Mary to the care of St. John, his beloved disciple; and to Mary Magdalen he first appeared, after he arose from the dead. Your sex are under particular obligations to their blessed Saviour, because he raised the female character to a degree of importance, which it had never before attained, and shewed that women are as capable of moral improvement and its eternal rewards as men; the delicacy of their feelings, and their capacity for religious impressions, prepare them well for the exercise of all gospel virtues, particularly of piety, charity, patience, meekness, and resignation. From motives

of love and gratitude approve yourself worthy of the honour conferred on your sex by your blessed Lord; follow the example of the pious Mary; like her, listen to his instructions before all other subjects; let your admiration of his divine nature and perfect example add strength to your faith and ardor to your obedience, and thus choose that good part, which, amid all the changes of this mortal life, you may rest assured shall not be taken away from you.

"Oh! wonderful love, and unexampled goodness!' exclaimed Emily, 'what ought not Christians to do in the service of their Saviour, who has done and suffered so much for them. Surely his very great condescension and love ought ever to warm our hearts with gratitude, and prompt us to obey his sacred commands with the greatest pleasure. Assist me, I conjure you, dearest father, to be a zealous follower of our blessed Lord, that I may reach the heaven where he now reigns, and unite with the holy angels in singing his everlasting praises.' Here Emily paused, her mind was filled with the sublime subjects of devotion, obedience, and eternal happiness; religion began to exert its mild and salutary power over her, to mingle with her affections, to elevate her desires, and convey a pure and intellectual transport to her tender and susceptible breast. Her father could read in her expressive eyes and countenance what was passing in her mind; he did not interrupt her eloquent silence, but left her to meditate upon the very serious and impressive topics of their conversation."—*Vide vol.* i. *p.* 59.

In page 166, the reader will find an entertaining tale, founded on the effects of superstition; and, at page 208 of the same volume, an excellent letter on the improvement of the mind. Mr. Kett has conferred an additional honour to his profession from the pure morality of his work; and where he has failed in effective writing, it is in the description of fashionable frivolity, which, from the manner in which he relates it, we may do him the credit to suppose he has taken this part at second hand: the task is not easy, to mix religion and novel writing together so as to make it palatable to all readers, however the attempt may be praiseworthy.

STRICTURES ON THE DRAMA.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—ENGLISH OPERA.

On Tuesday, the 23d September, was presented to the public a new comic opera, entitled *Spanish Patriots a Thousand Years Ago;* it is written by H. B. Code, Esq. the music by Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc. the following is an outline of the fable:—

"After the fatal battle of Zeres, which established the invasion of the Moors, Don Pelagio and his followers retire into the mountains of Asturia, where they not only resist the power of the Sarazens who overran the rest of Spain, but established themselves in the kingdoms of Leon and Asturia, thereby laying the basis of that energetic and indefatigable patriotism by which the Moorish usurpation was gradually reduced, until finally extinguished in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella.—After the Battle of Ausena, in which the Moors were defeated, Pelagio is supposed by his people to have been borne off a captive by the flying foe, while in reality, his life is attempted by Don Guzman, who hopes by his death to attain to the vacant Sovereignty; believing that, by the assistance of Ramira, his confidant, he has effected the death of the King, but not having been chosen his successor, as he had expected, he favours the notion of Pelagio's captivity, and enters into secret correspondence with the Saracen, by whose aid, and the promotion of internal intrigues and divisions, he hopes in time to accomplish the object of his ambition; meanwhile, limiting the powers of Alonzo, the chosen Leader of the Spanish People, and restraining the progress of his arms against the Invader, from consideration for the hostage life of the King. From this period down to the time when the action of the piece commences, Pelagio lives retired and disguised as a hermit, his life having been preserved by Ramira, under the sacred obligation of an oath never to quit his solitude, or discover himself to his people, without his (Ramira's) consent. Don Guzman conceiving his traitorous plot ripe for execution, through the divisions and corruptions he had fomented, invites the recruited strength of the Invader against his country, but unwilling to hazard a battle, he seeks by a fabricated letter from the sup-

posed captive Pelagio to his people, to produce an easy submission to the Moorish force. Previously to this message being delivered to the assembled Chiefs for their determination, Ramira, offended with Don Guzman, forms the resolution of imparting to Alonzo the fact of Pelagio's retirement, and the circumstances which led to it. They proceed to the hero's retreat, prevail upon him, still disguised, to attend the meeting; he rallies the declining patriotism of his country; leads his people against the assailing foe, and the action terminates in the discomfiture of internal treason, and the rout of the barbarous Invader. The loves of Alonzo and Clara, supposed daughter of Guzman, but actually the daughter of Pelagio, as explained in the last scene, form an under plot, which serves as a vehicle for several songs, duets, trios, &c."

A person reading the above might rationally suppose that it included materials sufficient for a legitimate drama; we also think so; but, as a mere sing-song vehicle, occasionally breathing common-place patriotic sentiments, it is a thing of sound and fury, signifying nothing. A daily paper informs us that it may be the means of keeping alive patriotic feelings among the Spaniards; we cannot conceive how this can be, unless we could import the Cortes, in order that they might *first* see the piece that is to keep alive this feeling. Sir John Stevenson's music is known to every young lady; and from the author of the *Timid Tear*, *Faithless Emma*, &c. we did expect something in the ballad style, which *Mrs. Bland* might warble in her usual fascinating manner; instead of which she has two or three mere Vauxhall songs; *Phillips* rattles away in bravura, and *Pine* alone has something approaching to melody; all this we readily concede may not be the fault of Sir John; probably the *colour* and *pattern* were given him, and he made up this garment of Demi Anglo and Italian music. If popular opinion may decide on the merits of this piece, this will also condemn it, as only one of the serious songs were encored; notwithstanding, as usual, the friends of the piece were numerously dispersed over the house; there should be a stop put to this, it is

calculated that one hundred thousand persons had free admissions to old Drury, no wonder the public opinion was wrested from us. We remember being at Covent Garden on the first night of the *Cabinet*, when *Braham* was encored in all his songs, and sung his Polacca three times. It is said this piece has been played at Dublin as a melo drama, and we have no doubt it appeared in a much more favourable point of view; what shall we say when a dance, executed by *Misses Luppino*, *Gibbs*, and *Harrison*, added materially to the pleasure of the piece? This, urged by all the journals of the day, is certainly a tacit proof of the weakness of its pretensions; we give these ladies all credit for their exertions, for we also found them a very seasonable relief.

Having thus given our opinion of the opera, it is but fair to say that we believe the performers exerted all their abilities to support it.—*Miss Kelly* was as interesting as usual, and in male attire shewed a leg little inferior to that of the Venus de Medicis; but it is really pitiable to see a man of *Knight's* uncommon merit thrust into parts so very inferior to his abilities: this gentleman we conceive to be a performer of the first order; the irresistible comic richness of some of his tones, and the archness of his manners, conspire to make him a real personification of the character he would enact: we have never seen him in a part equal to his capabilities; let us hope, however, that, as he is engaged at Drury-Lane new Theatre, we may see him in a first-rate comic walk, something more than a Jerry Blossom, or a hen-pecked miller, as in this opera, entertaining the audience, as he certainly always does, with the *novel* comparison of a woman's tongue to the clapper of a mill. *Mr. Raymond* made the small part of Pelagio of some importance; and *Mrs. Harlowe* scolded, we might presume, almost *con amore*.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

The hoard being removed from the front of this building, the public have an opportunity of comparing it with

the front of Covent Garden Theatre; on which we give our opinion,—that it is much inferior. The architect had every advantage, in the theatre already built, to which he could refer, that he might adapt its conveniencies, or remedy its errors; but probably he was restricted in his plan, otherwise he would certainly have given to Drury a portico, which, by being supported by Corinthian columns, would have been lighter than that of Covent Garden, whose heaviness, though highly ornamental in an architectural point of view, is not perhaps sufficiently airy for a place dedicated to amusement; but at Drury-Lane Theatre, in the place of columns supporting a pediment, he has placed circular blocks for lamps; but, to prevent, we presume, the line of steps being broken, two of the center of these receptacles for lamps are so close to the wall as to threaten, by the little room they seem to occupy, a fractured scull to the passer by: the whole *façade* exhibits a poverty which we hope, as the treasury of the theatre becomes prosperous, will be removed. We shall defer our critique on the interior of the new theatre until our next number. O. P. and P. S.

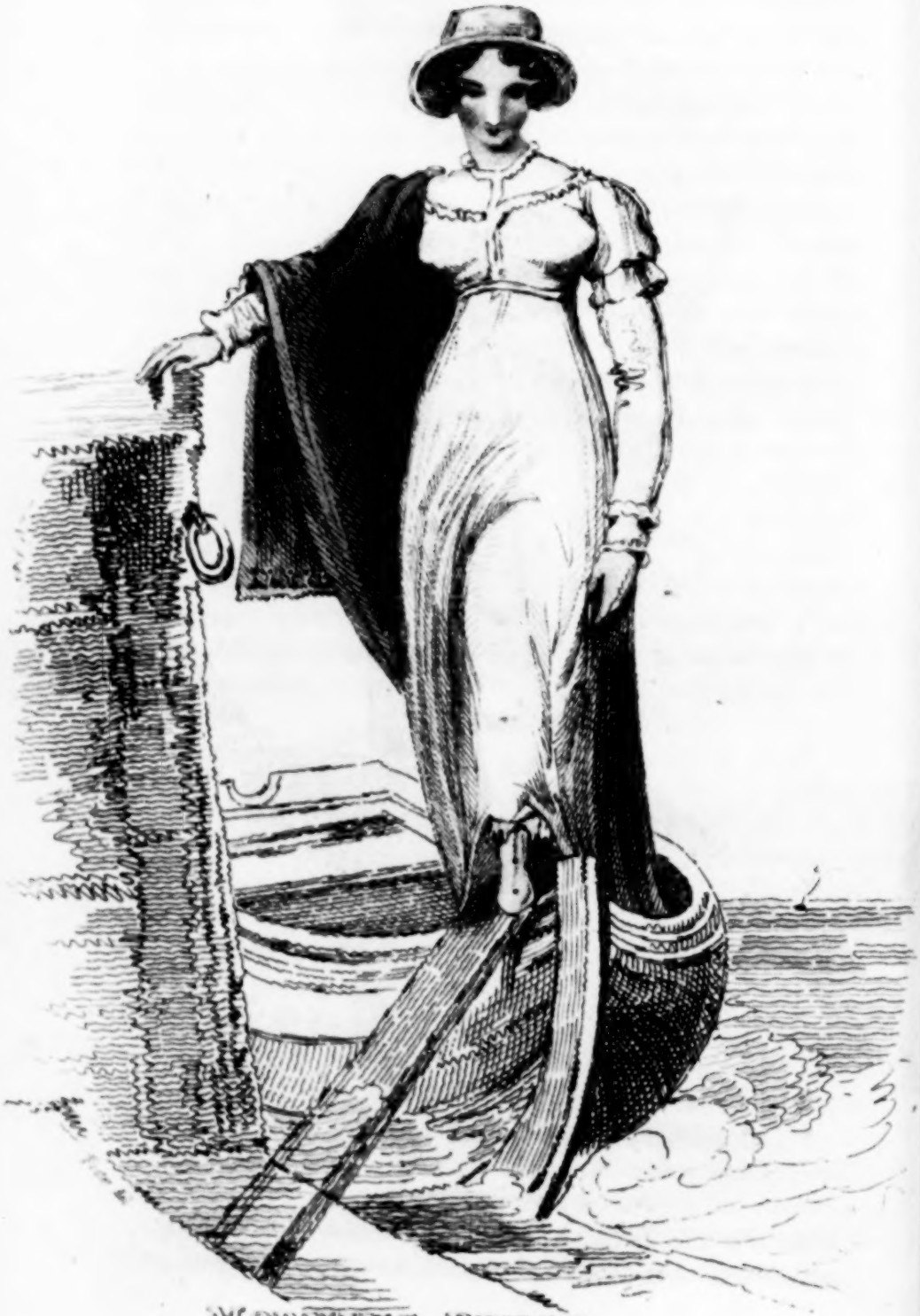
THE
MIRROR OF FASHION
FOR OCTOBER, 1812.

The Dresses invented by Mrs. Osgood, of Lower Brook-Street.

Morning Dress.—A white mull muslin dress trimmed with lace, sleeves full at top, and ruffle of lace round the wrist; shawl of Salamanca blue; chip hat; boots and gloves of yellow kid, or jean.

Evening Dress.—A white crape tunic over a white satin slip, the front fastened with wreaths of roses, &c. a Benare's turban, ornamented with the Bird of Paradise feather, hair dressed full on the cheek, white gloves and shoes.

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
48
SEP



MORNING DRESS.

Published for the Proprietors OCTOBER 1.

EVENING DRESS.

1812. By Geo. Cowie, 340, St. Pankras.

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
48
SEP

THE APOLLONIAN WREATH.

TO THE RIVER DART.

COMPOSED IN APRIL.

SPIRIT of the Dart! to meet the vernal year,
Whose early blossoms deck the frozen plain,
Glide o'er the surface of thy limpid sphere,
Led by thy Naiades and their tepid train.

Arise, bright pow'r, behold Favonius springs
To rend the fetters of a brumal spell;
To strip its dæmon of his frigid wings,
And bind him to an hyperborean cell.

Smile on the bound'ries of thy rushy bed,
Diffuse the treasures of thy copious urn;
For, blest by thee and Flora's fairy tread,
Earth's fragrant stores with varied charms return.

Oh! lovely stream, clad with the robe of spring,
Elysium reigns whereee'er thy branches roll;
Deep in the dell, where shrill-ton'd echoes sing,
Thy wildest murmurs harmonize the soul.

The love-fraught swain, within the peaceful vale,
Inspir'd by thee, unfolds his tender woes;
And, while the burthen swells the passing gale,
The wearied hind serenely meets repose.

Then where the shepherd tunes his doric reed,
Blest with the glow of sweet serenity,
To fame unknown, yet known to virtue's meed,
Be mine to dwell with solitude and thee.

A. KYNE

THE SONG.

THERE is in ev'ry tone of thine
A magic sweetness to my ear;
I think its melody divine,
As thus thou warblest, gentle dear!

You sing of love, a glowing theme;
A theme more sweet than all to me,
And sweeter ev'ry word I deem,
Because 'tis utter'd, love, by thee.

'Tis of a youth whose suit was blest,
Who woo'd a maid both kind and fair;
She sooth'd his heart-pang into rest,
And bade affection's peace be there.

And why, Eliza, may not we
Be just as happy as were those?
Why may not you and I be free
To make of love a thornless rose?

Come, sing again, but change the names,
For Emmeline, Eliza say,
And be the lover's turn'd to James,
And think the story ours I pray.

Be you as kind as her you sing,
And I'll be fond as was the youth;
Bliss, my Eliza, it will bring,
And both shall own love's potent truth.

J. M. L.

SONNET.

MAJESTIC night, how solemn is thy shade,
Now mournful silence reigns around serene,
And pensive meditation, aërial maid,
Soars 'mid the grandeur of thy sylvan scene;
Sublime the awe that steals upon the soul
As the soft zephyrs gently sweep along
Their tributary sighs, and wanton stroll
The dewy glade and rustling leaves among.
Should contemplation now her wand'rings low'r
From glittering orbs, piercing night's sable gloom,
Her museful numbers to the evening pour
Around the silent, unfrequented tomb.
Ah! thee, eternity, creative fancy's flight
Sinks 'mid the dark abyss of mortal night.

I. M. B.

EXTEMPORE LINES,

COMPOSED ON MEETING A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY WHO HAD LOST THE SIGHT OF ONE EYE.

Two radiant eyes, where auburn tresses curl'd,
Once blaz'd together, like the sparkling sun;
But heav'n, in pity to the suff'ring world,
Broke the dire union, and extinguish'd one.

LINES

WRITTEN IN ADVERSITY.

The dewy tear of morn,
That glistens on the thorn,
Can never, never, half the joy impart
As pity's lustry wat'ry eye,
To this deluded heart.

Once pleasure's smiles could charm,
And bliss this bosom warm;
Then peace her garlands wove round youth's gay shrine;
But, ah! where now affliction greets
A heart with woe, 'tis that which beats
In unison with mine.

I. M. B

SONNETS.

And dost thou weep, like me, the faded charms
Of other hours,—the visions of delight,
So fondly cherish'd, when in fancy's arms,
Heedless we slept;—now vanish'd from the sight,
And but remember'd as a faithless dream,
That with delusive rapture lull'd awhile
The simple heart; then snatch'd away the beam
Of glitt'ring hope, and mock'd the joyous smile
That dimpled on the cheek? Sad is thy tale;
And yet, soft breathing from thy plaintive lyre,
Such seraph sweetness trembles to the gale,
That, as the mournful melodies expire,
Won to the sorrows of thy breast alone,
I mourn thy griefs, forgetful of my own.

1811.

Let frozen apathy, with scornful sneer,
Deride those feelings of unearthly glow,
That 'waken oft th' involuntary tear,
And melt the bosom into sacred woe.—
Oh! be it mine to prize the solemn hour
When, kindling bright on rapture's ardent wings,
They prompt the soul, as with a seraph's pow'r,
To soar aloft, and muse on better things;
For not their hallow'd ecstasies belong
Where the dull slaves of vice or int'rest dwell;
They crown the poet in his virtuous song,
They soothe the hermit in his mossy cell,
At rosy dawn, or noon, or placid even,
Inspiring holy thoughts, that whisper but of heaven.

1812.

Oh! nature, thou art fair, and whether seen
On mountain brow, uprear'd in beauty wild,
Or in the simpler vale of tufted green,
Where sportive zephyrs ever wanton mild;

Or in the gay *parterre* where roses bloom,
And all the smiling pomp of vernal flow'rs,
Or in the summer woodland's leafy gloom,
Or deeper grandeur of autumnal bow'rs,
Still have I prais'd thee; and, with glowing heart,
Thy works admiring, oft the sweet employ,
Soothing to rapture, wak'd in sudden start
The trembling tears of gratitude and joy.
Oh! I have wonder'd such on earth could be
Who cannot love to meditate on thee!

How sweetly gurgling on the list'ning ear
Yon narrow stream, where tangling bushes spread,
With melancholy murmur wanders near,
And softly ripples o'er its weedy bed!
The sportive waves, now curling to the light,
Resplendent glitter in the noonday sun;
Now darkly vanish'd, hurrying from the sight,
Thro' leafy shade they musically run;
And, ever and anon, obstructed round,
Their little waterfalls are heard to play,
So sweetly lulling with romantic sound,
That I could weep, as pensively I lay,
And mourn the hast'ning hour whose fortune rude
Tears me from rural peace, and sylvan solitude.

What sacred impulse, ever as I gaze
In silent wonder o'er the starry sphere,
With blissful ravishment doth sweetly raise
My glowing thoughts from all that fetters here,
Beyond the grasp of sublunary ties,
Lifting my soul in tow'ring flight away,
To soar majestic thro' the vaulted skies,
And float "in visions of eternal day?"
Ah! what but this—the daring spirit feels
Her high-born destiny, her godlike worth,
And, proudly conscious, thus exulting steals,
Far from the troublous bondage of the earth,
O'er the bright arch of azure heav'n to roam
Where, pois'd on seraph wing, she claims her native home!

OSCAR.

RIDDLE.

WHAT's more constant than the turtle dove,
More beauteous than the girl I love,
More tawdry than the dress of beaux,
More fickle than the wind that blows;
What Nelson fear'd amidst proud wars,
What strikes with dread our honest tars,
What lectures do for ladies grown,
What married ladies call their own,
What's sweeter than mutual kiss,
Will instantly unriddle this!

ABRAHAMIDES.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have received the very polite notes of a Friend and a Constant Reader, and inform them that, encouraged by similar applications, it is the Editor's intention to publish, in a separate volume, the Essays under the title of the Gossiper, when a proper opportunity presents itself.—Two of the most respectable Magazines have copied several of our anecdotes, &c. but they have not acknowledged whence they gleaned them.—There are many very poetical ideas in Stanzas addressed to Emma; but they are too incorrectly expressed for printing.—The Wellington Acrostic does not suit us.—We presume A. Z. is not aware the Museum is now the property of new Proprietors; their Editor has never seen the work he alludes to.—Mr. Lowry may get complete sets of the Museum at our publisher's.—Books for our Review must be sent early in the month.—The very excellent Thesis on Education, by Z. in our next.—Poeticus has our thanks; but the merit of the communication is not equal to its length.—J. T. of Pentonville, Reuben, A. Kyne, the Voice of Him I love, the Red Cross Knight, the Maiden's Tale, &c. &c. are under consideration.

A correct Likeness of MISS E. BOLTON *is in the hands of* Mr. H. R. Cook, *whose abilities, as an Engraver, need no eulogium here.*

14
48
SEP

Painted by Porter. Engraved by W.H. Cook.

MISS E. BOLTON.

Published for the Proprietors by Geoge Gowie & Co. 81 Poultry, Oct. 31. 1822.